

Gabby Hayes

Western



JUNE
10¢
NO. 43

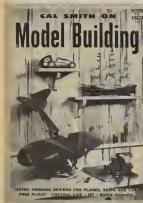
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**VITTLES
FOR
VILLAINS**

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GABBY *in* WINS HIS SPUR: HAYES

CONSERN THAT
SPROUT: HE'S CLUTTERING
UP THE RANGE WITH HIS
DRAFTED SIGNS! SPURS WITH
BELLS ARE JUST PLUMB
FOOLISH!

I'LL COVER EVERY
BARN, FENCE AND
ROCK IN THESE
PARTS! JINGLE
AND JANGLE WILL
KNOW I'M THE
BEST SALESMAN
THEY EVER HAD!

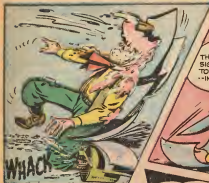
BILL BOARD IS A SPRY YOUNG HUSTLER, WHILE GABBY CREAKS IN SO MANY JOINTS HE SOUNDS LIKE A RUSTY GATE WHEN HE BENDS OVER. BUT WHEN THE FIGHTING FOREMAN OF THE BAR NOTHING GETS HIS DANDER UP, HE CAN LICK HIS WEIGHT IN COUGARS, KILLERS AND COWBOYS.

IT AIN'T RIGHT!
YOU'RE HIDING ALL THE
BE-DOOTIFUL SCENERY
OF THE WEST!

DON'T TEAR THAT
OFF! I'M ONLY
TRYING TO
MAKE GOOD!

UGH

Poi



GABBY HAYES WESTERN



HOGWASH!

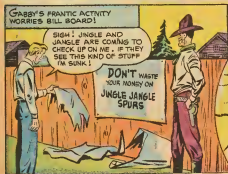


BAR-O

R.R. RIP



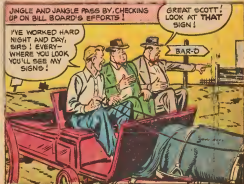
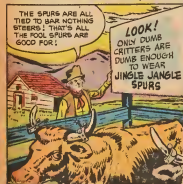
DON'T WASTE YOUR MONEY ON JINGLE JANGLE SPURS

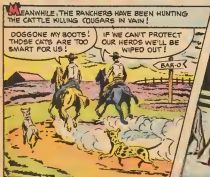


DON'T WASTE YOUR MONEY ON JINGLE JANGLE SPURS



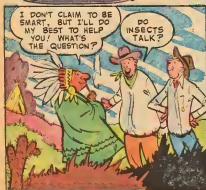








CHIEF GRAY MATTER





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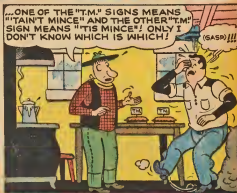
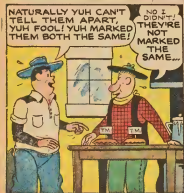
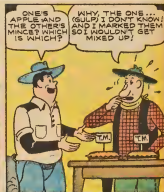
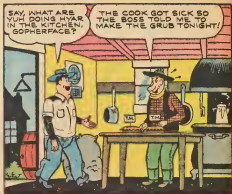
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- ...INCREASE ENDURANCE
- ...YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER



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gopher- face

SIGNS OF STUPIDITY!



BEARDED BABY

A Gabby Hayes Tall Tale



THINGS are pretty doggone tame out here in the West nowadays and a man isn't likely to get himself killed unless he happens to run into a grizzly or a pack of wolves or a stampede. Of course, if you aren't careful you might get yourself shot or knifed, but I reckon a thing like that might happen most anywhere, even on a picnic.

Now the reason this territory is so plumb civilized today is this: None other than yours truly, Gabby Hayes, made it so! If 'tweren't for me, there wouldn't be a human critter alive anywheres from here to the border. Pull up a log near the fire here, set yourself, and I'll tell yuh all!

It all commenced one day when Wild Bill Saddlebottom, the pony express rider, came a-galloping into Rawhide yelling, "To the hills, men! The redskins are coming!"

Those days I was even younger than I am now, but everybody looked up to me as a leader. Wild Bill dismounted and got down on his knees and peered under the porch where I happened to be. He said, "The redskins are coming, Gabby, but they won't be along for about a month."

"You sure?" I asked bravely.

"Sure," he responded timidly. "They just started their war dance and you know it is the custom of the tribe to dance from one full moon to the next before starting a war."

I wriggled out from my perch beneath the porch, explaining that somebody thought there was a rattlesnake under there and I had fearlessly crawled in to sting the reptile.

After hearing Wild Bill's story, the mayor called a meeting in the town hall, which was also the loft of the hay and grain store. The meeting was limited to the bravest, most intel-

ligent men in Rawhide, but I got in anyway. To make a long story short, it seemed like the Indians were determined to massacre the pale faces. Then all the pale faces would be duty bound to massacre the Indians. And vice versa, until there wouldn't be anybody left on the plains but a couple o' coyotes!

Wild Bill stood up and waved his arms. He said, "It's up to every able-bodied man here to strap on his guns and go forth to get killed by them redskins."

"Balls of fire!" I exclaimed quietly. "Why don't we palaver with our Indian brothers and call off this needless bloodshed?"

"That's just the trouble, we can't palaver!" said Wild Bill, and he went on to explain. Seems like none of the Indians of that particular tribe could understand our lingo. And none of us could understand the Indian lingo!

I stood up and said, "Gents, I have usually found that the only reason for fighting is a misunderstanding. Now if somebody would go and study up on the Indian language, we could talk to those critters and everybody would live happily ever after, especially me."

"They have a very complicated language," said Wormley T. Bookbinder, the schoolmaster. "No man could understand it unless he grew up with the tribe."

Just at that point, Dr. Lance deGizzard stood up in the back row. He said, "Friends, I believe I can arrange to have someone grow up with the tribe—in less than a month's time!"

Well, the doc knew how to cure everything, including rigor mortis and backgammon, so we listened attentively to what he said. Seems like he had been experimenting with torts and retorts, and had invented a pill that would turn a grown man into a little baby—but with

this difference: He would retain his grown-up brain, and he would return to his normal age and size after the pill wore off, which would take a few days.

After they seized me, bound me arm and leg, and forced one of the pills down my throat, I volunteered. Next thing I knew, I was a little baby and had been smuggled into the Indian camp. I was left on the doorstep of the teepee belonging to Chief Bathing Bare.

The chief, returning from the war dance to get a clean sweat shirt, saw me there. He turned to his Squaw, Red Herring, and ejaculated, "Ugh?"

"How come you say Ugh?" she asked.

The chief pointed at me and responded, "First papoose I ever saw with a set of whiskers!"

(You understand, of course, that they were really talking Indian language and I have translated it for you.)

"It *is* strange," she responded, "but he is kind of cute, if you like bearded babies."

"We will adopt him," declared the chief. "We'll name him Brush-in-the-Mush!"

Whilst the chief went back to his war dancing, Red Herring packed me a lunch and sent me to school where I learned the language in no time at all. As I say, my body was only as big as a baby, but I had a mind like a grown man!

When I got home from school that night, I said to my adopted ma, "I want to talk to papa!"

She said, "Hush, Brush-in-the-Mush! Little papoose cannot talk to great chief. It is against tribal law!"

"Balls of fire!" I exclaimed. "I've got to talk to him! I've got to prevent a war!" But she thought it was only childish prattle and she wouldn't even let me get near the chief. So the days went by and the braves were getting daubed up with war paint and honing their

arrowheads and practising up hollering "Eeee-yah!" I commenced to worry that I'd never be able to prevent the massacre.

Then on the very day that they were going to start on the warpath, I saw my chance. Some brave happened to lay down his bow and arrow while he tied his mocassin laces. I picked up the weapon and let fly at the chief, who happened to have his back turned. He hollered, "Eeee-yah!" without practising, and jumped a foot. Then he came running toward me shouting, "Who did that?"

I said, "Pardon me—my arrow!"

"You?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, paw," I said. "I had to get your attention some way. I wanted to tell you to call off the war because the pale faces really want to be friendly."

"How you know so much? You only little baby."

"No I'm not. I'm a great big feller!"

He looked down at me and said, "Ugh! You crazy baby! Me tend to you when me gettum back from war path."

THE CHIEF turned to go but luckily at that very moment the pill started wearing off and I commenced to grow back to my normal size. In less than thirty seconds I got to be six feet tall! This sort of surprised the Indians. They thought it rather unusual. And while they were asking me questions about my "magic," I was able to convince them that they should call off their war.

And that's why the redmen and the white men hereabouts are friends to this day. Folks can get along peaceable if they understand each other!

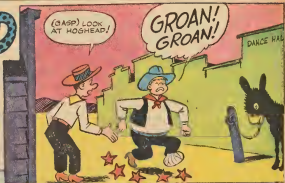
THE END

Laugh at the antics of GABBY HAYES in future issues of GABBY HAYES WESTERN



HOGHEAD HARRY

"TOSS THE
MARK!"



GOSH, HOGHEAD
WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOUR
FOOT?

(GROAN)
I HAD A
TERRIBLE
EXPERIENCE
LAST
NIGHT!

LAST
NIGHT?

(GROAN) YES! I
WOKE UP FROM
SLEEPING AND
SAW A HAND
AT THE FOOT
OF MY BED!

GOSH, YUH
SAW A HAND
AT THE FOOT
OF YORE
BED?

YES, I
FIGGERED
IT WAS A
CROOK, SO
I GRABBED
MY GUN AND
FIRED!



WHAT
HAPPENED?

(GROAN) I SHOT
TWO OF MY TOES
OFF!

IT WASN'T A CROOK'S HAND.
IT WAS MY OWN FOOT!



GABBY HAYES

in VITTLES FOR VILLAINS

HAW! HAW! NOBODY WOULD KNOW US NOW, STUBBY! FAKE BANDAGES MAKE A GOOD DISGUISE!

WANTED!

STRINGBEAN POLE
STUBBY TUBBS

YEP! AND WE GOT THE PERFECT HIDE-OUT! SINCE THE RAWHIDE LADIES AID SOCIETY FELL FOR OUR YARN ABOUT BEING HURT, WE'VE LIVED LIKE KINGS!

3 STRINGBEAN POLE AND STUBBY TUBBS THINK THEY'RE SITTING ON TOP OF THE WORLD--BUT IT MAY ONLY BE A KISS OF DYNAMITE! FOOD-LOVING GABBY HAYES IS SURE TO EXPLODE WHEN HE HAS TO GO HUNGRY BECAUSE THE BAR NOTHING KITCHEN IS TURNING OUT VITTLES FOR VILLAINS!

WHAT A LIFE! NOTHING TO DO BUT SIT TIGHT AND WAIT FOR HESTER AND ELLIE HEMPSTEAD TO FETCH US THE WORLD'S BEST GRUB!

HESTER AND ELLIE ARE SO BUSY FEEDING THE VILLAINS THAT POOR GABBY HAS BEEN NEGLECTED!

PLEASE! I'M STARVING, HESTER! JUST THROW ME A FEW CRUMBS!

NONSENSE! THESE POOR INVALIDS NEED NOURISHMENT!

IT'S SHAMEFUL, GABBY! HOW DARE YOU COMPLAIN WHILE TWO UNFORTUNATES SUFFER!

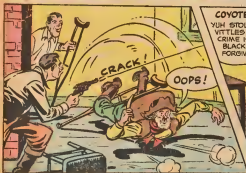
THINK HOW I'M SUFFERING! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO EAT MY OWN COOKING! UGH!



GABBY HAYES WESTERN









GABBY HAYES WESTERN



LOCO LEW A SHIRT TALE!

- ★ FOR RIDING THAT RIPS ACROSS THE RANGE LIKE A PRAIRIE FIRE
WATCH THIS MAN...
- ★ FOR GUN-TOTING JUSTICE AGAINST VICIOUS OUTLAWRY
WATCH THIS MAN...
- ★ FOR THE BLAZINGEST WESTERN-ACTION THRILLS OF ALL TIME

DO NOT MISS A
SINGLE ISSUE OF

**HOPALONG
CASSIDY**

WESTERN
MAGAZINE!





AND SOON, AT THE OSWEGO CAMP, YOUNG FALCON SPEAKS WITH THE CHIEF!

AND THERE WAS NO MARK UPON YOUR BRAVE, SAVE THE SMALL SCRATCHES AND ABRASIONS WE ALL GET FROM THE FOREST BAUSH AND SHRUBS!

SO--IT HAS HAPPENED AGAIN! FIVE TIMES BEFORE OUR BRAVES HAVE MET DEATH IN THE SAME MYSTERIOUS WAY!



AND THEY ALSO GASPED THE WORDS "TUMBLEWEED" BEFORE THEIR LIPS WERE STILLED FOREVER!



IS IT ONLY THE RAVING OF A DYING MAN? WE ALL KNOW THE TUMBLEWEED TO BE A HARMLESS PRAIRIE PLANT!

THAT IS TRUE, YET I WILL LOOK FURTHER INTO THIS STRANGENESS! WHERE HAVE YOUR BRAVES BEEN WHEN STUCK BY THIS UNFATHOMED MALADY?



HUNTING AT THE PRAIRIE'S EDGE NOT FAR FROM MOON RIDGE! TAKE CARE, YOUNG FALCON!

I WILL SEE IF I CAN DISCOVER A REASON FOR THIS SUDDEN, SILENT DEATH!



SOON AFTER, AS YOUNG FALCON WANDERS AT THE EDGE OF THE WOODS...

A TUMBLEWEED! A SLIGHT BREEZE BLOWS IT THIS WAY! STRANGE... TUMBLEWEED IS USUALLY FOUND ON THE PRAIRIE!



SUDDENLY, A FIELD MOUSE DARTS ACROSS THE PATH OF THE TUMBLING TUMBLEWEED! THE TUMBLEWEED STRIKES IT AND IS DEFLECTED!

THAT TUMBLEWEED MIGHT HAVE BRUSHED AGAINST ME WERE IT NOT FOR THAT FIELD MOUSE! BUT NO MATTER, IT WOULD NOT BE THE FIRST TIME I HAVE FELT THE SCRATCH OF TUMBLEWEED!



THEN...

THAT FIELD MOUSE HAS FALLEN DEAD! THE TUMBLEWEED BAUSHED AGAINST HIM AND HE FALLS DEAD!



IT IS PLAIN THAT THE TUMBLEWEED CARRIES SOME POISON WHICH, WHEN IT CONTACTS THE SKIN, WORKS QUICKLY! I SHALL RETURN TO THE OSWEGOS TO WARN THEM!



NO SOON, AT THE OSWEGO CAMP

I HAVE WARNED MY PEOPLE OF THIS DEATH-CARRYING TUMBLEWEED! THEY WILL KEEP CLEAR OF ALL SUCH WEED! MANY QUESTIONS REMAIN!

YES, WHY HAS THE HARMLESS TUMBLEWEED SUDDENLY BECOME A KILLER?



IT IS AS IF SOME EVIL ONE HAS BROUGHT THIS UPON US! YET THERE IS NONE WHO WOULD DO SO, SAVE BENT TWIG—AND HE HAS NO SUCH POWERS!

BENT TWIG? WHO IS THIS YOU SPEAK OF, GREAT CHIEF?



A THIEF AND A LIAR WE CAST OUT OF OUR TRIBE SOME MOONS AGO! HE HAS BUILT HIMSELF A TEEPEE BEYOND MOON RIDGE!

PERHAPS HE HAS GREATER POWERS THAN YOU CREDIT TO HIM! BEYOND MOON RIDGE, EN? AT DUSK WHEN THE HALF-LIGHT WILL HIDE ME, I SHALL GO THERE!

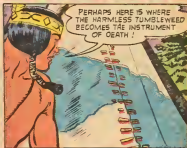


LATER, WHEN YOUNG FALCON REACHES MOON RIDGE....

THERE IS THE TEEPEE OF BENT TWIG! HE HAS A FIRE GOING INSIDE! BUT THE SMOKE HAS A STRANGE ODOR!



PERHAPS HERE IS WHERE THE HARMLESS TUMBLEWEED BECOMES THE INSTRUMENT OF DEATH!



YOUNG FALCON OPENS THE TENT FLAP TO SEE....



YOU STIR A STRANGE BREW, BENT TWIG! I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW MORE ABOUT IT!

WHA-!?



YOU ARE THE ONE THEY CALL BENT TWIG, ARE YOU NOT?

AND YOU ARE A MEDDLESOME FOOL WHO HAS LIVED HIS LAST DAY!





I KILL ---
UGH!

NO--YOU
WILL KILL
NO MORE!



YOU ARE
WRONG! YOU
DIE ---



--- NOW!



BUT
AS
YOUNG
FALCON
AVOIDS
THE
KNIFE,
THE
OTHER'S
THRUST
CARRIES
HIM
FORWARD
AND...

NO ---
AAIIIEEEE!

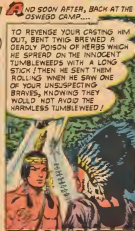


I ---
UUUUUN...



WHEN SUDDENLY, THE OTHER LIES
STILL!

HE IS NO MORE!
HE DIED FROM THE BREW IN
THAT KETTLE HE SPILLED UPON
HIMSELF! THE ANSWER TO
THE TUMBLEWEED OF
DEATH IS HERE!



AND SOON AFTER, BACK AT THE
OSWEGO CAMP...

TO REVENGE YOUR CASTING HIM
OUT, BENT TWIG BREWED A
DEADLY POISON OF HERBS WHICH
HE SPREAD ON THE INNOCENT
TUMBLEWEEDS WITH A LONG
STICK! THEN HE SENT THEM
ROLLING WHEN HE SAW ONE
OF YOUR UNSUSPECTING
BRAVES, KNOWING THEY
WOULD NOT AVOID THE
HARMLESS TUMBLEWEED!



AND UPON CONTACT, THE POISON
INSTANTLY WENT THROUGH THE SKIN!
BUT YOU, BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE,
HAVE TAKEN THE FEAR FROM OUR
HEARTS! WE ARE FOREVER
GRATEFUL!

EVIL CAN NEVER
TRIUMPH, MIGHTY
CHIEF!



"LIGHT THINKING!"



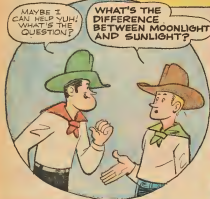
TSK, TSK!

JEEPERS, LOOK AT SILLY SIMMONS! SOMETHING'S BAFFLING HIM!



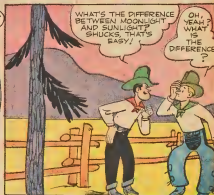
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, SIMMONS?

MY KID COUSIN ASKED ME A QUESTION AND IT'S GOT ME STUMPED!



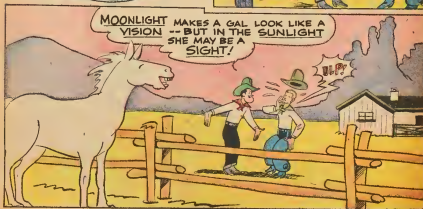
MAYBE I CAN HELP YUH! WHAT'S THE QUESTION?

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MOONLIGHT AND SUNLIGHT?



WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MOONLIGHT AND SUNLIGHT? SHUCKS, THAT'S EASY!

OH, YEAH? WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE?

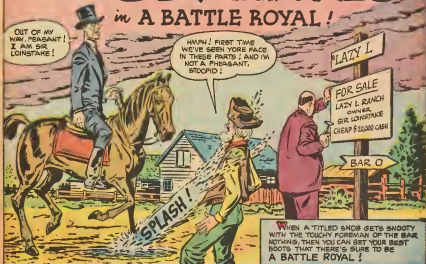


MOONLIGHT MAKES A GAL LOOK LIKE A VISION -- BUT IN THE SUNLIGHT SHE MAY BE A SIGHT!

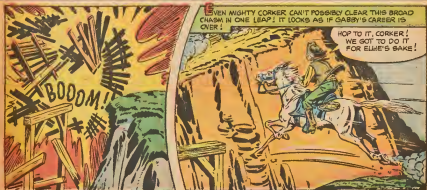
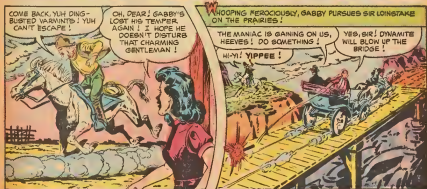
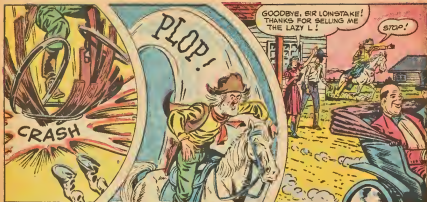
WUP!

GABBY HAYES

in A BATTLE ROYAL!



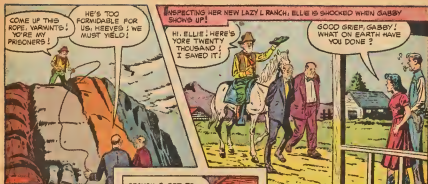








GABBY HAYES WESTERN



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